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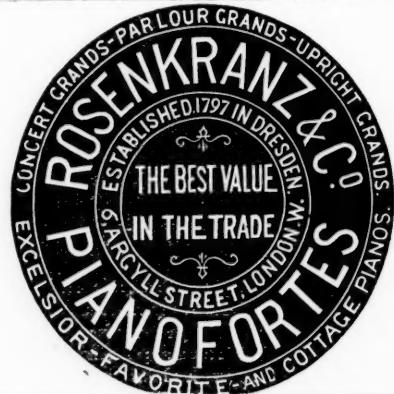
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A MUSICAL PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued from page 494.)

Bayreuth, Aug. 7.

At the end of the first act of *Parsifal*, the "pure fool" is ignominiously thrust out of the Grail Castle, because he has nothing to say to the wonders of the mystic cup and the feasting knights. How long an interval elapses before we see him again, in the second act, the poem sayeth not. He may have wandered far and long, but now his time of trial has come. Before him lies the choice of Hercules in a particularly embarrassing form, and it has to be seen whether, while retaining his character as fool, he is doomed to change the qualifying adjective from "pure" to "impure." Let me remark here upon the nature of *Parsifal's* temptation, as showing that Meyerbeer never went farther after sensationalism than does Wagner in this instance. The offence of Amfortas lay, according to Wolfram von Eschenbach, in simply giving to a woman the love that should have been bestowed upon things Divine. Wagner, as we have seen, makes him yield to the promptings of lust. So in *Parsifal's* case. The hero might have been tried in ways free from offence, while suggesting high and noble lessons. But this course did not suit our sensation-monger, who preferred the magician Klingsor, with his enchanted gardens and beautiful she-devils. No surprise need be felt thereat. Wagner is a professor in the school of artistic carnality, and he knows what the rules of the institution exact. If a pure art be dragged through the dirt so much the worse for the art, but not for Wagner, who has already found shameless adultery and foul incest none too strong for his disciples and admirers.

The second act opens in Klingsor's castle, where we see the magician surrounded by the conventional apparatus of his craft, including a mirror which reflects all that is passing. By its aid he notes the approach of *Parsifal*, whom he would tempt to ruin. "Up then, to work." Causing a blue vapour to rise from the depths, he invokes the presence of a "nameless woman," politely termed "She-Lucifer," "Rose of Hades," and "Herodias." The call is answered, and along with the blue vapour, uplifts itself the form of our old acquaintance, Kundry; servant of the Grail in the first act; servant of Klingsor here. Kundry screams as she comes up; screams again as Klingsor intimates that there is work for her to do, and remains inarticulate or interjectional to the end of the interview. Here is the longest of her speeches: "Ah! ah! Dismal night—frenzy—Oh!—Fear!—Oh anguish!—Sleep, sleep—Deepest sleep!—Death!" When, however, Klingsor looks from the rampart and describes how *Parsifal* makes havoc of the knights sent to resist his entrance, Kundry begins to take an active interest in the business. The demoniacal part of her complex nature gets the upper hand. First she "laughs gloomily;" then goes off into "more and more ecstatic laughter;" then gives "a spasmodic cry of anguish," and disappears. She has gone to work, and, as she lured Amfortas to ruin, so will she seek to decoy *Parsifal*. Klingsor is pleased, and already anticipates the coming into his power of this "babyish sprig"—who, we remember, has just driven the garrison before him like a flock of sheep. Here a change of scene occurs. By a masterly stage contrivance, the castle sinks with startling suddenness into the ground, revealing the enchanted gardens. The painter of this picture has committed an artistic offence. Its violent colours shock the eye, and its ill-arranged groups of gigantic flowers—roses bigger than prize pumpkins, and fuchsias vying in size with Great Paul—would hardly be admitted on the stage of a second-rate English theatre at Christmas time. On one side the abutments of the castle are visible, and on a terrace at the back stands *Parsifal*, sword in hand, still wearing his forest-dress, and looking down in astonishment as a number of loosely dressed and lovely damsels run about in alarm and dismay. They lament their dead and wounded knights, and rail at *Parsifal*, cursing him, and demanding "Why hast thou slaughtered our lovers?" The "pure fool" now shows himself anything but a fool in the matter of gallant speeches. "Was not I bound to slay them when they barred the way to your charms?" This pretty question alters the case. The damsels forget their

knights, and resolve to catch the new hero. Some run away and decorate themselves, "appearing like flowers," according to the libretto, but really put on flapping, ungraceful and "loud" head-dresses. The rest do the same, and then ensues a competition, with *Parsifal* as the prize. All the damsels swarm around the youth, stroking his beardless chin. "Unto thy bosom take me," says one; "Turn thy fair cheek that I may smooth it," cries a second; "Thy mouth give to my kisses," pleads a third. "Do be quiet," remonstrates the embarrassed hero. The damsels continue, "Back with you. See, he wants me;" "No, me;" "Me, rather;" "No, me;" and so on till the object of their desire, more and more embarrassed, turns to run away. Then a voice is heard calling "*Parsifal!*" and commanding the "frivolous wantons" to go and attend to their bleeding knights. *Parsifal* remains; the damsels reluctantly depart; the foliage concealing a bower moves aside, and a "female of exquisite beauty, clad in light drapery," is seen reclining on a flowery couch. This is Kundry, changed by magic art to play the temptress, as erst she did with Amfortas. Of course, her assault on the young man's virtue takes the, to us, most offensive form possible. After telling him his name, and kindly giving its etymology, Kundry talks of his mother, describing her grief at the loss of him, and her speedy death. *Parsifal*, in an agony of remorse, sinks down at Kundry's feet, while the temptress wreaths her arms around his neck, whispering "Seek consolation in love." But the climax is reached when Kundry, exclaiming "Now thy mother sends benediction from above in this first kiss of Love," presses her lips ardently to his. Can anything more horrible be conceived than such an abuse of the name of love and the name of mother? It is vain to urge that the woman plays a devil's part. That is a poor reason why devilry should be exhibited, for no adequate purpose, on an artistic or any other stage; above all, immediately after a scene wherein the sacred mysteries of religion are displayed. Here, surely, we have the consummation of Wagner's Mephisto-philian cynicism, and that which should make his new work hateful to all right-minded men. Kundry's kiss lasts long, but eventually *Parsifal* starts up in anguish and terror, exclaiming, "The spear wound! the spear wound!" Mark how he, the redeemer to be of Amfortas, endures that sinner's pain. Then he cries out in stress of struggle with carnal desires; then sees again, in fancy, the sacred Grail, and reproaches himself, like Wolfram's *Parcival*, for neglecting to use the opportunity afforded him. Next, his thoughts turn to the sin of Amfortas, and, as Kundry embraces and kisses him, recognizes the King's temptress and spurns her from him. Kundry now changes the nature of her assault. She appeals to his pity, and describes herself as a kind of wandering Jewess, condemned to live on in remorse because she laughed at the Saviour in His suffering. Here we get an explanation of her uncouth noises and peculiar manners. "Weep I cannot; But only shriek And rage and wallow In night and madness never slaked." Her prayer is "Let me lie sobbing upon thy breast for an hour and I shall be saved." Against this and all other entreaties *Parsifal* remains proof, till at last Kundry falls to shrieking and summons help to prevent the hero's escape. At her cry, Klingsor appears on the castle wall, with the sacred spear in his hand. This he hurls at *Parsifal*, who, catching it, makes with its point the sign of the cross in the air. Straightway the castle tumbles into ruin, and the foliage shrivels and falls, while from the "flies" rain the head-dresses of the damsels—this being the stage equivalent for changing those ravishing creatures into flowers. Kundry lies prostrate among the *débris* as *Parsifal* goes away with the spear, saying, "Thou knowest where only we shall meet again." The curtain falls. *Apropos* to the entire act I will only ask, "Is this healthy or unhealthy drama? Can any possible excuse be found for putting on the stage a series of unblushing appeals to lust? Is it tolerable that mixed up with such a scene should be sacred names and things?" Surely the triple "No" of the English public will settle the fate of *Parsifal*, as far, at least, as they are concerned, for ever and a day.

If, in the second act, Wagner has carried out his notion of dramatic propriety to the bitter end, the same act shows him pushing no less

far his peculiar theory as to the functions of dramatic music. His work in this respect may here be sharply divided, so as to have on one side the choruses of the damsels with some portions of Kundry's first address to Parsifal, and on the other all the rest. To the right lies coherence and more or less of charm; to the left is found ugliness well-nigh unredeemed. The choruses, occasionally written in twelve parts—of course for female voices—are put together with the master's undoubted skill; they are all dramatic, and one especially, "Come, lovely stripling," is of real beauty, enhanced, like the grace of a desert flower, by its sterile surroundings. Wagner is happy, moreover, in treating the lines which refer to the sorrow and death of Parsifal's mother. Under such circumstances he may always be depended on, for when verses really demand music he cannot keep from giving them that which is music indeed. But I stand amazed at the hardihood which imposes such chaotic stuff as the rest of the act upon a long-suffering public. This is worse than "Midsummer madness," and brings the Bayreuth Theatre into a closer relationship than that of contiguity with the Bayreuth Lunatic Asylum, whither a poor demented chorus singer was the other day conducted. Such melodic and harmonic progressions as are here, such laborious interweaving of stubborn themes, such extravagance and distortion, were never before dreamed of even by Wagner. It is music in an epileptic fit. Alas, poor music! What crimes have been committed, not in thy name, but upon thee. And yet, if good taste, and common sense, and even religion are violated, why should the Divine art escape?

Between the second and third acts a long interval is supposed to elapse, during which time Gurnemanz has grown feeble and retired to a hermitage, near Montsalvat. When the curtain rises we see him looking for the cause of a groaning noise, and discovering our incoherent friend, Kundry, who apparently has been sleeping the years away in her original uncanny form. No wonder the ancient man exclaims, "Ha! she—here again! However, he revives her, and Kundry, tying up her hair, meekly goes "charing" in the hermitage without a word, greatly to the amazement of the hermit. Presently a knight enters in black armour, and bearing a spear. It is Parsifal, whose woe-begone look tells of many trials and sufferings. The two knights recognize each other, and have much to say. Parsifal describes his weary wanderings in search of the Grail Castle, and Gurnemanz speaks of the resolve of Amfortas not to uncover the Holy Cup, hoping thus to find relief in death. Left unsupported by Divine food, old Tituril has expired, and the knights, a melancholy band, subsist like ordinary men. Again stricken with remorse, Parsifal faints. In this condition he remains while Gurnemanz and Kundry remove his armour, leaving him dressed in white, with the flowing hair and short beard of the Grail's Divine Lord. Now the religious mysticism of the scene deepens. Kundry, like Mary Magdalene, pours ointment upon Parsifal's feet and wipes them with the hair of her head; while Gurnemanz, who had previously sprinkled him with water, anoints his head as King of the Grail, and speaks these lines: "Thou—pure one—all-pitying sufferer, All-knowing rescuer! Thou who the sinner's sorrows thus hast suffered, Assist his soul to cast one burden more." Parsifal then baptizes Kundry, who is at last able to find relief in tears. The dialogue that ensues is, both as regards idea and expression, of exquisite beauty. Parsifal, looking round, remarks the loveliness of the fields and flowers. "It is the spell of Good Friday," explains Gurnemanz, and is answered that on such a day all things should mourn. The old knight replies that tears of repentance have watered the fields, and that on such a day Nature rejoices because of rest and peace. Now distant bells are heard, as in the first act, and the two knights set out for the Grail Castle, Kundry following humbly behind. According to the book the scenery should again move panorama-wise, but in performance the curtain comes down while a change to the great hall is effected. The tables are gone; the trains of choristers do not pass to their places; the rites of Montsalvat are "maimed." But the brethren appear in their usual order, while, as the body of Tituril is borne in at one door, the Grail, followed by Amfortas in his litter, enters at another, the two

processions singing antiphonally. Then, the body having been uncovered, Amfortas, in highest anguish, prays that the revelation of the Holy vessel, while giving life to others, may bring to him death. Yet he shrinks from giving the order, and, when the knights urge him to duty, bares his breast, and entreats them to strike home. Meanwhile, Parsifal has entered, carrying the sacred spear, and now, stepping forward, touches the King's wound with the point. Immediately the hurt is healed, while Parsifal, claiming the royalty of the Grail, holds aloft the spear, from the head of which streams a blood-red light. All do glad homage to their new king; the Grail is uncovered; Parsifal holds it aloft; it glows with crimson radiance; Kundry falls dead, gone to rest at last; a white dove flutters above Parsifal; and, as the curtain descends, voices are heard singing, "Wondrous work of mercy! Salvation to the Saviour!" The third act, even more than the first, raises the question whether, in this age, the public are to be entertained with miracle plays and religious symbolism. In the first place, is such a course useful? in the second, is it right? I do not suppose that Wagner troubled himself with either query, because to do so is to leave the second act utterly unaccountable. No man with a religious purpose or feeling would ally such scenes as those in Klingsor's garden with the profoundly solemn ceremonies of the Grail. No; Wagner sought to astonish at any cost, and he has succeeded. None the less, however, does the question of propriety remain for the public, whose reverence for sacred things will be shocked, wherever it exists, by the audacious handling they here receive; most of all by the blasphemous parallelism sought to be established between the hero of this strange story and the Saviour of the World.

The music to the third act, while it does not equal that of the first, far surpasses that of the second both in interest and beauty. Much of it, I need hardly say, is tortured and twisted out of all resemblance to what most men recognize as art. This comes now to my memory, like a bad dream—something to wonder at as an inexplicable phenomenon of creative force. But Wagner's work is ever like the image in the Book of Daniel. There may be a good deal of clay in its composition, but there is always some sterling metal. So here, at any rate. I am bound to admire much of the music illustrating the reference of the knights to the peace and loveliness of nature, and some portions of that to the final scene. The funeral march, for example, though not equal to the one in *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, has a very impressive effect. Yet, the peroration, as a whole, is disappointing. Neither in interest nor beauty does it approach the *finale* to the first act, with which a comparison is inevitable. Of the work in its entirety it is difficult to speak with patience and good temper, so much does it assert an enormous talent wasted in the vain carrying out of an artificial theory which will disappear with its originator and arch-advocate. Concerning this matter, however, enough has recently been said. It is more to the purpose to note that Wagner has taken another step towards the intolerable in extravagance, audacity, and cynicism. He is driving the chariot of "sensation," and for him there is no stopping short of the point where that vehicle inevitably shatters itself, to the ruin or the ridicule of its occupants.

* * * * *

Leipsic, Aug. 10.

I have escaped from Bayreuth, and put between myself and that melancholy Franconian borough as much distance as is required for a calm and comprehensive retrospect. Truly, when looked at from afar, Wagnerian Bayreuth appears a singular phenomenon. Why it should be Wagnerian at all is a puzzle, to begin with, especially when we consider that consequences in this world are not altogether the creations of chance. Yet where is the affinity between the town and the creed of which it is the Mecca? Bayreuth belongs to the past; Wagnerism, we are told, is the inheritance of the future. Bayreuth is slow and decorous; Wagnerism is fast and often "improper." The light of Bayreuth, if it have one, burns under a bushel; Wagnerism is a candle set on a hill. The town resembles the deliberate ox that draws burdens through its streets; the creed may be likened to a roaring lion attended by many jackals. But a

truce to such marshalling of opposites. In the fact of their opposition lies, perhaps, their *raison d'être*. Wagner, let it be granted him, is no hum-drum prophet. He loves signs and wonders, and to astonish the minds of men. Among the traditions of Dresden is one which tells that when revolution broke out in the Saxon capital Richard had charge of the alarm-bells and rang so wild a peal that even now its terrible sounds haunt the ears of memory. In one sense he has always been up in a tower, hurling through the air attention-compelling clangour. Wagner is no believer in the "still small voice." 'Tis a busy and a noisy world, and the man who would keep himself in evidence must be busier and noisier than his neighbours. So, promulgate new doctrines; sneer at the prophets of the ancient faith; pose as a martyr persecuted by an entire people; put on the dress of a buffoon and make jokes at the expense of a fallen city; serve up on the stage the most highly-spiced dialogues and situations and, without restriction to camels' hair, shirts, locusts, and wild honey, go into the wilderness that people may value the oracle according to the length and pains of the pilgrimage to its temple. Undoubtedly these things have paid. Many believe that the man in the tower thunders from heaven; that the voice in the wilderness is inspired; and that he who swears not by Wagner is heathen and excommunicate. Seriously, the phenomenon now on view at Bayreuth excites both sorrow and rejoicing. It calls forth regret that so much genius should be allied to clap-trap procedure, sectarian narrowness, and pure Phariseeism of spirit. And it makes one glad because not thus does the abiding in art spring up and grow. The great masters of music who, like our Shakspere, were "for all time," had no such dreams as those of Wagner, and no such lines of action. They were content to labour and to let their work take its chance of the reward that never, in the long run, faileth merit. So, for example, laboured and waited the gifted man whose name is indissolubly connected with the old church of St Thomas over yonder. He and the rest, though dead, are now a living power, more enduring than monuments of brass. Beethoven built no temple and formulated no order of worship, with himself as god. Yet Beethoven is so mighty that even Wagner cannot ignore him, but bends down so much in homage as to point out his faults and amend his mistakes. Granted that extremes sometimes meet, will the aggressive and pretentious cult centered at Bayreuth also command everlasting reverence? As well might one expect the gourd of a night to afford a shade no less abiding than that of the oak which was an acorn centuries ago. But, while regarding the principles and practice of this "new art" as inimical to the interests of the art which is old—and true—the fact should not be overlooked that, whatever the intentions of Wagner, the Bayreuth Festival Theatre is in effect a protest against a degraded lyric stage. The music-drama of the Dresden revolutionist may perish with its founder; not so the serious interest with which he has invested opera. That will survive all remembrance of his vanity and self-seeking, and be his worthiest memorial.—D. T.

—o—

Wagneriana.

The subjoined, from "*Our Teutonic Correspondent*," must be taken *cum grano salis*, and *sous toutes réserves*. "*Our Teutonic Correspondent*" is (more or less) a confirmed Wagnerite, a spectre of one of that remarkable confederacy immortalized by Henri De Balzac, in his *Histoire des Treize*.

Frankfurt.—At the opera house a very fine and creditable performance of Wagner's *Walküre* was played before a brilliant audience. All the parts were played by the members of the theatre. The only "Gast" was Madame Seubert Hausen from the town theatre of Mannheim a most accomplished dramatic singer, of great and high aspiration with such clear and good intonation to take the audience by storm, after each act a perfect ovation followed her splendid performance.

Bayreuth.—The 5th and 6th performance of *Parcifal* took place by a crowded house, all seats sold. Herr Jäger the celebrated Siegfried

performer took *Parcifal* this time, Malten Kundry and Fuchs München Klingsor. All these artists gave a new version to the music, which was by Wagner and house highly appreciated. The whole expense is covered, and a surplus is destined for future works of Wagner Operas.

Wagner and his Patronatsherrn.—In the Wagner camp is great excitement—The Meister hereby makes known to the Patrons that they have done their duty and gives them leave to go. The Patronat is dissolved for a fund for poor Wagner's scholars. The 400 patronat holder protest with a 1 or 400 voiced "Hallo" motif—"Oho." The said 400 Patronatsherrn have collected a sum of 225000 marks for the foundation of a School and the performance of *Parcifal*. The school has not come up the holly Gral has swallowed up the money. In future the gentlemen are to pay without any right whatever to any visit performance. Wagner will not be patronized by anyone who pays 15 marks a year. This resolution is found arbitrary. Musicians without means are to be brought to Bayreuth—By what means? This resolution has cooled down the rather hot Wagner Enthusiasts who on previous day drank the new baptised Champain Klingsor Enchantingdrink—and drink now comun Seltzer Water drink.

To Shaver Silver, Esq.

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To the same learned and multifariously instructed correspondent we are indebted for the following various scraps of information:—

Berlin.—Several important changes at the royal academie High school of music have taken place. Professor Kiel as master for Composition and Managing Director, Joseph Joachim Director of the Orchestral music Professor Schulze Director for Singing Professor Rudorff for Piano and Organ Examinators Hof Kapelmeister Taubert—Grell, Kiel and Bargiel.—A report came yesterdays of the death of Madame Clara Schumann but it was contradicted, another lady with the same name died in the same town—a lucky change.—At the Kurhaus Artist Concert on the 8 August—Herr Nachbauer sung an Aria from *Aida*—Herr Bürger, Vialoncello. The Concert was visit by many English residents, and the Directors were to be congratulate on the sucses.—L.

—o—

MEETING OF WAGNER AND WILHELMJ AT BAYREUTH.

The following account of this touchingly interesting event is translated from the *Berliner Fremdenblatt* of Aug. 12th. No worshipper at the Shrine of Bayreuth is likely to read it without emotion.

BATREUTH (August 8th).—August Wilhelmj, the accomplished master of the violin, has been stopping here for some days. He once more forms, as during the memorable *Nibelungen* period of 1876, the central topic of conversation. Now, as then, his witty and caustic remarks are circulated about. It is well known that Wilhelmj is no less admired for his jokes and quickness of repartee than for his talent as an artist. His four years' voyage round the world, as far as it is possible to judge, has not in the least affected him; on the contrary, many declare that he looks more youthful and vigorous than six years ago. At the *Parcifal* performance he sits between Richard and Mdme Wagner, both of whom are extremely partial to him. His first meeting with Wagner is described by an eye-witness as very cordial. Hurrying up to him with the words: "Why, there is Wilhelmj"—Wagner held him in his embrace a long time. Tears stood in the eyes of both. "How could you stop away so long?" "There was nothing I neglected in Europe, my dear Master!" replied Wilhelmj. "Nothing of importance was going on; the first artistic event has brought me back, and I have hastened hither to you." "That was very, very kind," observed the poet-composer—"I cannot tell you how happy I feel to have you near me!—I am anxious to hear how you like *Parcifal*; I took great pains with it."—"Dare I venture to pronounce an opinion?" answered Wilhelmj.—"Yes, yes, yes, you must—I attach much value to your judgment"—said Wagner. According to report, Wilhelmj was enthusiastic about the new revelation, describing it to his friends as "the most perfect wonder of our time!" "Germany," he remarked, "could not be sufficiently proud of an artist who followed up his object with such unexampled earnestness and dignity."—The meeting of Mdme Cosima Wagner and Wilhelmj was equally cordial. The Countess von Schleinitz having invited Wilhelmj to visit her at Berlin, he announced his intention of passing the winter in that capital.

FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 477.)

After Fidelio's soliloquy, there is a period of rest from emotional excitement. There is more chattering between Jacquin and Marcellina, and this, as well as some conversation between Fidelio and Rocco, is spoken. Towards the end, Fidelio asks and receives permission to let out the prisoners for a short time into the courtyard, and presently they all emerge from their cells and are in joy at the sight of the outside world. From this point up to the end of the first act the music is continuous, and events and music both constitute a *finale*, that is, a series of connected movements working up to a climax at the close of an act.

While the men are coming out of their cells a very quiet symphony is played which introduces the chorus in which they express their thoughts. These thoughts are solemnly quiet, and, therefore, the form in which the music is laid, as well as the musical ideas themselves, is regular and smooth. The whole chorus is in the form of a large Rondo, with a tranquil undercurrent in the accompaniment (as *a* in the next example) which befits the restrained joy of the prisoners. Their first thought, joy at the sunshine and fresh air, is allotted to the principal subject of the Rondo; this is a complete miniature sonata, with tonic section beginning

Ex. 196.

Allegro ma non troppo.

and dominant section, each corresponding to divisions in the verbal idea, and followed by a recapitulation in which the ideas are thought over again in a new light. At the close of this a single prisoner gives expression to a hope that help is near and soon they will be free. This, the beginning of the episode of the Rondo, is a simple ballad-like strain in the same time, with half cadence and full cadence,

Ex. 197.

TENOR SOLO.



its key (G) is also closely connected with the key of the principal subject by the note D, which is fifth of the one and third of the other tonic. After the solo strain the chorus of the prisoners cry to Freedom to shine on their night, and under their broken utterances the band repeats part of the solo strain, as if to express more clearly that which is the cause of their emotion. This section does not close in its own key but modulates to the next idea. Now one of their number warns them that they are watched still and that they must speak softly. This is in recitative, and the thought is taken up by the rest of the prisoners; and, as it is a terrible check upon their happiness in the fresh air, so the two ideas are alternated in music up to the close of the movement. The "speak softly" of the chorus is little more than repetition of single notes, while the band has more melodious passages.

Ex. 198.

TENORS.
Speak soft - ly

BASSES.



The half close of this section is the end of the episode. After it

follows a repetition of the principal subject (Ex. 196), complete, but shortened, and all in the main key, B flat. Immediately after that is a repetition in B flat of a portion of the episode (Ex. 198), which is worked as a coda and so ends the movement. In this chorus the long sustained musical ideas of the principal subject and its recapitulation correspond with the joy of the prisoners at seeing light and breathing fresh air, which is the most sustained verbal idea of the piece; and the broken changeable ideas of the episode and its repetition as coda correspond with the cries for Freedom, broken and interrupted by the recollection of their bondage. During the singing of the chorus Fidelio has been walking about the stage, anxiously looking at each man without uttering a word; she has a lingering hope that the man whom she seeks may be one of these prisoners, and not that solitary sufferer whom she has heard Pizarro planning to destroy. It was for this that she asked the temporary freedom of the men.

Immediately on the close of the prisoners' chorus, Rocco comes to Fidelio, and tells her that Pizarro consents to the marriage and to her assisting him in attending to the prisoners, and that to-day they will go together to the lower dungeons. Fidelio cries, with excitement, "To-day?" All this is in accompanied recitative, for the interest of the situation is deepening, and, therefore, a deeper expression is needed in these dialogues than was given to those which were simply spoken.

From this grows a short movement founded on the dialogue of Fidelio and Rocco; the vocal ideas often change, and some of them are little more than exclamations, but the whole is welded together by consistency of key and by the continuity of the accompaniment. It begins with Fidelio's cry of joy at the thought of, perhaps, so soon meeting her husband, and with Rocco's sympathy with what he deems the lad's excitement in a new work. This, a continuous idea of joy, is all in the principal key, G.

Ex. 199.

Allegro molto.

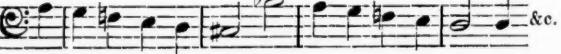
This ve - ry day !



When Rocco speaks of the melancholy state of the man to whom they are to go, and constant question and answer follow between the two, the modulating part ensues.

Ex. 200.

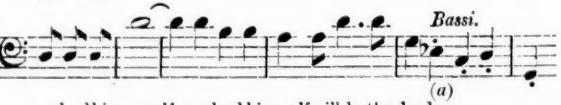
Rocco.



To yon poor wretch we go,

When Rocco asserts confidently that the governor himself will kill the prisoner, that they are but to dig his grave and it is all settled, the main key returns and remains some time.

Ex. 201.



my lord him - self, my lord him-self will do the deed.

The last four notes (a) which are allotted to the orchestral basses after the close of the vocal phrase must be noticed as an example of *leit-motiv*. They form the most pointed part of the phrase in which Pizarro, in the duet with Rocco, uttered his determination to kill Florestan (Ex. 192). The repetition of the same expression recalls the passage to the minds of the audience, and connects the two occasions by lighting up the latter with the lamp of the former. Sadder thoughts in the same direction bring the present duet into the minor form of the key: Rocco thinking of the starving state of the prisoner, and Fidelio thinking "Perhaps it is my husband's grave." This movement does not close in its own key, but, by a half-close in E flat, leads to the next movement, which is in E flat.

The movement in E flat is a rondo with a modulating episode; but the return to the key is with a fresh idea, followed by

another new idea as coda. Rocco and Fidelio speak, in alternation, of their errand to the dungeon, he, at times, doubting her strength of mind, and she eager and in anxiety to see the prisoner. The musical phrases follow one another in their places in the design as naturally as do the verbal phrases from one speaker to the other. In the coda, the verbal idea is the same for both characters, and they, therefore, sing it together.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

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A SCAMPER THROUGH THE DAMS.

Most persons visiting the town of Haarlem make at once for the *Groote Kerk*. They don't go there to say their prayers, although it is an imposing and lofty cruciform church; their object is to see the organ, and, if possible, to hear it played. It is decidedly one of the largest and most powerful instruments in the world, and is also, externally, handsome. At the base is a group in marble, representing ecclesiastical poetry and music, expressing gratitude to Haarlem for the erection of the organ, without doubt one of the finest toned instruments in existence. Its 60 stops and 4,088 pipes are not, however, much used, although some of them are 15 inches in diameter and 32 feet long. Truth is, the service on a Sunday is free from every kind of musical display, two single chants alone being sung by a congregation devoid of taste or musical culture. Indeed, the coldness of the whole affair contrasts unfavourably even with the English churches. The congregation on Sundays appear to be neither numerous nor devout at the *Groote Kerk*. Whether it is the orthodox thing not to pay attention to the outward forms of religion I am unable to decide. Most of the worshippers sat through the whole service lounging in a manner anything but devout. During week days, the uncovering of the head is not demanded, nor do the officials cease from smoking while exhibiting the edifice. Indeed, most of the shops remain open on a Sunday throughout Holland, and, as far as I could judge, the provision dealers on that day do a good stroke of business.

The true capabilities of the organ appear to be reserved for recitals to be paid for, and even then "overwhelming thunder-storm" performances are left out, from a fear that the sacred edifice might tumble about the visitor's ears. Another very fine organ is in the church of St Lawrence, at Rotterdam. This I had an opportunity of hearing to greater advantage, and certainly its 72 stops and 4,762 pipes, the largest of which is 32 feet long and 17 inches in diameter, made the brick edifice echo alarmingly. The summer is not the season of the year to hear concerts indoors, but in the open air several very good bands, principally composed of wind instruments, can be listened to with pleasure. At Scheveningen the visitors to the hotels are charged a certain sum per week for music; and in the evening, after dinner, a concert is provided that would not disgrace the promenades of London or Paris. Through the courtesy of a friend at the Hague, I was able to attend a select musical tea party in the "Bosch." This is a reserved part of the park, with grand avenues of trees and handsome orchestra. On the present occasion, the Literary Society of the Hague gave an instrumental concert, under the direction of Herr C. Coenen, and it is impossible to imagine anything more pleasurable. The situation is beautiful, the lofty trees forming a shade of the most grateful character, and the primitive condition of the ground adding to the charm of the surrounding prospect. As the evening advances, lamps of opaque glass are dotted about in every direction, and the company seat themselves at little round tables, most of them occupied in making and drinking tea. This is conducted with undeviating serenity, for the Dutch have not only the finest tea in the world but brew their agreeable decoction with tender solicitude that would astonish an English matron. First of all, the waiter brings a little bronze vessel like a pail, in which there is a charcoal fire, and on this fire the tea-kettle is put; he then arranges the cups and saucers and brings suitable tea-pot and caddy, so that the visitor may help himself. The water boiling, the tea is made, and then the skilful handmaid takes off the lid of the kettle and replaces it with the base of the tea-pot, so that a cup hot and strong can be enjoyed. Throughout the whole of Holland I did not see a cup of tea made until the water was boiling. Housewives in England, kindly remember!

The music was all instrumental, and the orchestra numbered about eighty performers, composed principally of wind instruments. Their playing of the overture to *Egmont* did not disgrace Beethoven, and the performance of an air from Handel's opera, *Rinaldo*, was most effective, the wooden wind instruments taking the solo with excellent precision. They have an operatic composer here whose name is hardly known in England—Mynheer Dunkler—a selection from whose opera, *Lalla Roukh*, was particularly effective. The daylight was gradually dying away when the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn began, and whether it was the time of evening or the effect of the music I will not pretend to say, but the nightingales burst out into an accompaniment of song I have never heard equalled, and I must say the opening movements of this heart-stirring symphony never sounded to me more devotional. With the resources at his command, Herr Coenen did wonders, but, when he concluded, the applause seemed to disperse the nightingales, or it may have been that they did not care to take part in a less distinguished work; be this as it may, they never sang another note that evening, but took Mendelssohn's music off to bed with them. The conductor, Herr Coenen, introduced a *menuetto*, *adagio*, and *serenade* of his own composing, well worthy being played by a string band in a concert room. Although the concert was in the open air, the utmost stillness reigned throughout. Tea-drinking is not a noisy operation, nor are the Dutch given to boisterous behaviour, whatever they may have been in the days of Teniers, Ostade, and Jan Steen, who seemed to glory in representations of drunken roysterers and frantic gamblers. The inhabitants of the Hague are evidently a sober, refined, and educated class, and when the audience dispersed to the music of Sahan's military march, the half-mile of walk through the wood was not the least agreeable part of the entertainment, for the evening was delightfully warm and the smell of the pine trees wonderfully refreshing.

It will surprise the visitor to the various museums and picture galleries of Holland to find so few works by the artists of other nations, but this surprise will disappear when he comes to enquire into the histories of these galleries. They have mostly belonged to rich and enthusiastic Dutchmen, who took but little interest in art away from home. Throughout the whole of the picture exhibitions in Rotterdam, the Hague, and Amsterdam, I did not see one English work. At a first glance, this might cause some dissatisfaction, but recalling the immense price that all the high-class English works command, that surprise must disappear. A few hundred pounds would be considered a large sum to the authorities of these places, and it is well known that thousands are paid for the works of English artists the moment they become famous. In the Fodor museum of Amsterdam I saw one French work, some horses by Rosa Bonheur, and in the private collections a few foreign works may be found, but our greatest enjoyment will be an examination of the Dutch school, of which the best specimens have not been allowed to leave the country.

PHOSPHOR (*Brighton Guardian*).

NICE.—Benjamin Godard has completed an opera, *L'Alcalde di Zalamea*, which will be played this winter at the new Italian Theatre, Mdlle Griswold sustaining the principal part. The libretto is by Détroyat and Silvestre; the translation, by de Lauzières.

STRASBURGH.—Walking in the outskirts of this city, Sellier, the tenor, slipped down a ravine, disfiguring his face, and severely bruising his right side. "When"—Auber used to say—"will our artists understand that they should be content with excursions on the stage, or in photographic albums? I never travel otherwise."

VIENNA (*Correspondence*).—The Imperial Opera re-opened on the 1st inst. with Gounod's *Faust*. Mdlle Braga was the Margaret; Mdlle Papier, Siebel; Wiegand, Mephisto; and Labatt, Faust.—The Society of the Friends of Music appealed to the "Statthalterei" (Lord Lieutenant) some time ago against the stringent orders issued by the civic authorities with reference to precautionary alterations against fire, to be carried out in the Society's large concert-room and theatre. The decision recently pronounced by the superior court is in so far favourable to the Society that the orders of the civic authorities have been considerably modified.—Herr Hans Makart, the well-known painter, lately married, at Hitzing, a village not far from here, Berthe Linda, formerly a star of the ballet at the Imperial Opera. After the ceremony, the newly-married couple set out for Italy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LOVER OF WELSH MELODY AND WELSH MINSTRELS.—Music at Abergavenny and Llandrindod Wells, next week. Mr Brinley Richards presided at both meetings.

MR HARRY WALL. Our correspondent should address us directly on the subject—in other words, state his case in his own way. The decisions of the law-courts having already appeared in all the influential papers, a reproduction of them would, if news can be stale, be stale news.

BIRD (M. D.).—Dr Snail is *not* going to Bayreuth. So Bird (M. D.) had better ask Dr Slug to accompany him. Dr Slug is just now at the Belvoir Hotel, North Malvern, where good cheer is a rule, and fast-days don't count.

AMATEUR.—Moliere's oratorio was composed for and produced at the Norwich Festival (not at Birmingham).

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1882.

TO GUY OF THE GLACIERS.

Why, dear old Guy,
So often apply
Thy plume against my
Decided opinion?
I don't attack thine,
Then don't attack mine,
Or around thee I'll twine
Another guess pinion.

ALIDUKE.

Castle of Seven Bridges.

WAGNER'S PARSIFAL.*

(Continued from page 498.)

III.

The first performance of *Parsifal* took place yesterday (the 25th of July), with full and unalloyed success. In endeavouring to describe to our readers the effect upon myself as a purely individual one, I do so with all the becoming reservation which is, so to speak, a matter of course in dealing with a new art-work of such magnitude. In its grand plan as well as in its smallest detail, *Parsifal* loudly proclaims the originality of him to whom we owe it. Just as the Babylonian sovereign had his name burnt into every one of the tiles used in the new and mighty edifices he erected, as a testimony for thousands of years to come, so has the author of *Parsifal* stamped, as it were, upon each bar an invisible "R. W."[†] The very latest labourers in the field of research will certainly recognize every page torn out of this score. The various parts of the extensive work act upon us in turns favourably and unfavourably; now producing a strong and elevating effect, and then a sensation of indifference or oppression. Still, we always feel we are in the power of a mighty individuality of the most peculiar and unshakably firm convictions. The energy of a strong and never-doubting will works at all times impressively in art as in life. It compels respect and admiration—but not invariably sympathy. Such are the principal features which the Bayreuth Festival Performances of 1882 have in common with the first ones of 1876. Compared with the *Nibelungen Cycle*, *Parsifal* proves the advantage of an independent definite form and the homogeneous impression thereby obtained. The very fact that Wagner has now abandoned the dramatically false and unfortunate form of the trilogy or tetralogy which rendered all enjoyment in 1876 an effort, secures for *Parsifal*, of which the theatres will one day doubtless take possession, a purer effect.

The method of musical composition is now, as then, consistently the same. The style is that determined by the "endless orchestral melody" which Wagner began by strictly carrying out in *Tristan*, which he then brightened up in *Die Meistersinger* with blooming oases of melodic and multi-part song, and finally in the *Nibelungen* worked into an impressively rigid law. This method, by which opera is to be raised to real drama, has for result, as we

know, the old forms of the air, the duet, the trio, the chorus, in short, the organic form, and therefore the independence of the musical thought are put on one side, and the principal part is assigned to an incessantly active orchestra, while the voices declaim rather than sing. The materials out of which the orchestra spins its ever-changing and endless web are the "leading" or "guiding motives,"* as they are termed. In *Parsifal*, also, every character has its appointed leading-motive, or, rather, according to the various dramatic circumstances, several such motives. *Wolfzogen's Key*† contains 26 such motives; another by Heintz, 66; while a third by Eichberg (there is already a small library of such little Bayreuth manuals) only 23. But these 23, as the author emphatically says, "are intended for nothing more nor less than to be learned by heart." This express intimation is characteristic. The spectator, if he wishes to understand and enjoy *Parsifal*, must begin by learning these guiding motives by heart; then during his audition of the work it is incumbent on him to employ his intellect and memory in the task of restless comparison.‡ Out of the breakers of a heaving orchestra we have to recognize, whenever it is heard, the "Graal motive proper," the "love-feast motive," the "belief motive," the "promise motive," &c. All these are guiding-motives relating to the Graal. Besides them, there are naturally several motives for Kundry ("Kundry's wild ride-motive," "Kundry's love-motive," "Kundry's laugh-motive"), as well as others for Parsifal, Klingsor, and the rest. These guiding-motives, always combined afresh, varied afresh, and scored afresh, supply the orchestra with a continuous symphonic web. Any one not knowing the fact from the composer's intimate friends, would guess for himself that Wagner first sketched in the orchestral-accompaniment, and did not write the vocal portion till afterwards.§ The connected and connecting whole is the symphonic, independent orchestral part; what is sung to it are fragments, the sense of which lies in the words and not in the notes. With a few exceptions, shining forth in strong relief, of melodious song, intelligible of itself, *Parsifal*, also, exhibits an instance of an orchestral composition, full of allusions and working on exclusively in "significance," with the bits of excited conversational song swimming about in it. A second essential characteristic of the later Wagnerian style is the unbounded freedom of the modulations. In *Parsifal*, as in former works, we have, properly speaking, no longer modulations, but only a modulating, a ceaselessly surging modulating, in which the listener loses every idea of tonality. We feel as if out at sea with no firm ground under our feet. Wagner has got into a chromatically enharmonic train of thoughts quite peculiar to himself, which is constantly intertwining and then untwining the most remote keys. As in the *Nibelungen*, so in *Parsifal* there are passages of more reposeful tonality, pleasing, and, sometimes, charming exceptions, but exceptions only, and, as a rule, flitting rapidly by. We feel that the tyrannic sway of the guiding-motives in the orchestra, and the limitless freedom of modulation,|| are serious drawbacks in operatic music; but Wagner and his adherents value them as a test of the most advanced progress. These, however, are strongly marked, fundamental differences of opinion, which it is no longer of any use to discuss.

A lengthy and simply treated prelude, which, with its solemn wearisomeness, has evidently but one object, namely, to produce a proper "frame of mind,"¶ serves as introduction to the first act and at once gives us the three most important "Graal motives." In the different guiding-motives of *Parsifal* I fail to perceive either any great musical charm or especially characterising force and pregnancy. In *Lohengrin* Wagner gave us the model of a guiding-motive and its application. "Never shalt thou question me!"** Proclaimed as a dogma by Lohengrin himself, this theme is presented to us at the very first in all its significance. It does not require to be sought out and divined, but, whenever employed, cuts into the score like a sharp sword. The guiding-motives in the *Nibelungen* and those in *Parsifal* are far from

* "Leitnotive."

† "Leitjaden."

‡ A pleasant look-out for the "swells."—D. B.

§ He who doubts this must be an ostrich.—D. B.

|| Which is not really modulation at all.—D. B.

¶ "Stimmung."

** "Nie sollst du mich fragen."

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

possessing the same distinctly marked physiognomy, or the same strong power, if only because there are too many of them. When each short series of notes is to serve as a guide full of significance, not one serves the purpose. The Graal motives of the prelude blend as orchestral accompaniment with the opening scenes which are treated in rather a conversational tone and a more natural style of expression, contrasting advantageously with the dialogue of the *Nibelungen*. Gurnemanz, the bass, is, despite his long-windedness, an amiable old man compared to Wotan. With the declamation, which is made the most important element in Wagnerian characters, he takes, it is true, strange liberties. We perceive he is acquainted with *Die Meistersinger*. He repeatedly utters words like "Linderung," "lindern," "schaden," "hämisch," with an emphatically false stress on the *last* syllables which ascend now a sixth and now an octave. The scenes before *Parsifal* appears do not contain much that is musically striking, unless we accept as such some isolated effects of sonority in the orchestral accompaniment, which, by the way, are not wanting in any page of the score. After these monotonously spun out scenes, we see the wounded swan (a magnificent piece of stage mechanism, the appearance of which is a most welcome relief) fly across the stage, the knights and squires rushing on in great excitement with the offender, *Parsifal*, and making a picture full of stirring life. It is a dramatically contrived scene, in which we greet a pleasing reminiscence of the "Swan motive" in *Lohengrin*. *Parsifal's* entrance at once creates sympathy, the "sadness" of the inexperienced youth being represented naturally and without strained pathos. It is a psychologically proved fact that we are accustomed to admire most in others virtues of which we are not ourselves possessed. Wagner, a reflective artist, of such subtle intellect, is fond of glorifying *naïf* ingenuity (*simplicitas*), though with him even the Unconscious is somewhat too conscious. Let the reader call to mind the Sailor's Song in *Tristan*,* the Cobbler's Song in *Die Meistersinger*, and the Forge Song of Siegfried, that most unnatural of all the vocal children of nature. It is different with *Parsifal* in his early scenes; he is there what he should be. But Kundry! It is true that Kundry is what she should be according to the author's intention—something unnatural and full of contradictions. A psychological and physiological hermaphrodite, she sings or rather cries and stammers disjointedly in a way to make one's hair stand on end, while at the same time she has continually to do the most unheard of things histrionically. We may as well at once state that only an artist possessing Mad. Materna's extraordinary powers and passionate temperament could succeed in rendering this part†—the most difficult and fatiguing perhaps in existence—so as to make it all probable and impressive. Now comes the great effect of the moving panorama, a masterpiece of scenic art, supported in a somewhat step-motherly fashion by the composer. *Parsifal* and Gurnemanz march along to heavy and fatiguing monotonous chords until they reach the Graal Temple. From this point the music, supported by the peculiar scenic effect,‡ culminates in a highly impressive manner. Very striking are the vocal unison of the Knights, the chorus of Youths, and, lastly, the promise floating down from above: "Through pity knowing, the pure fool." In this combination of pure high voices the "promise motive" creates all the intended impression; though, of itself, the somewhat empty theme, ascending in fifths, will scarcely be found particularly original or interesting. The solemn supper of the Knights of the Graal in the magnificent Moorish hall, with the three different groups of singers, Knights, Youths, and Boys (up in the dome), the heavy pealing of the bells, the strange and picturesque costumes, the solemn uncovering of the Graal—unite in making up a grandiose picture. The *finale* belongs indisputably to those dazzling musically-scenic effects in which Wagner has no rival. It may be my fault, the fault of expectations pitched too high, but I did not find the result so powerful as I had imagined it from the book and the score. I had anticipated an extraordinary brilliancy in the orchestra and something overpowering from the chorus—an effect of sonority, in short, uninterrupted rising to the climax. The reader of Wagnerian scores ordinarily finds his expectations surpassed in the actual representation; but here, at least to my mind, hope is not completely fulfilled, the

continuous slow *tempo* in a very long first act, together with the structure of the Bayreuth orchestra, which, sunk underground and covered, materially impedes if not deadens the sonority, contributing doubtless to the result.* Nevertheless after the first half of the act, thus declamatorily sung and swallowed up by the instrumental accompaniment, the second was a musical boon, containing rhythmical and independent song-melody, not only solo, but in harmoniously combined parts. One thing only detracts from the boon; the fact of scene after scene being so interminably spun out. This inability to bring to an end scenes that stop the progress of the action is no less remarkable in *Parsifal* than in the *Nibelungen*. Everything from great to small, from the solemn Love-feast to Kundry's impossible kiss, is hopelessly so long as at times to pass the limits of endurance.

The second act is opened by the wicked magician, Klingsor, summoning Kundry to his presence. The demoniacal element is expressed musically by not unusual but striking means; the vocal portion is again hurried, jerky declamation; the orchestra, a witches' cauldron of bubbling guiding-motives; and Kundry, a dramatic musical convulsion. Did Wagner, perhaps, here purposely employ his whole stock of sulphurous vapours in order to render us more susceptible to the perfume of the flowers in the following scene? If so, he has thoroughly succeeded. True, the "poetry" of the lovely Flower-Maidens sinks occasionally down to very questionable rhyming: "Willst du auf Trost uns sinnen, —Solltest den abgewinnen! Dir zur wonnigen Labe gilt mein muniges Mithen.—Kannst du uns nicht lieben und mimen,—Wir welken und sterben d a h i n n e n , &c." But who cares about the words, when they flow charmingly from the lips of thirty young and beautiful girls! The mere confusion in which these rush on amid a swarm of dainty triplet figures for the violins, is full of dramatic life. And then the second half of the scene, when the girls appear as flowers! their "motive" in A flat, "Come, O beauteous Boy," somewhat in the time of a slow waltz, melodious, piquant, and simply harmonized, is one of Wagner's happiest inspirations. And how admirably is everything arranged! with what delicate calculation are the thirty voices parcelled out in groups, now alternating, now singing together, and some occasionally making room for short solo passages! One must see and hear this himself; words fail to picture it. Among the scenes in *Parsifal*, I am inclined to rank this *musically* the highest. It achieves the purest and most certain effect simply by the aid of a charming and expressive melody. In all we know of Wagner, this girls' chorus is absolutely unique, the one scene carried out from first to last in a brightly graceful style. It is indeed an inspiration and a masterpiece.

When the Flower-Girls, or Girl-Flowers, laughingly vanish, Kundry, now young and seductively beautiful, calls *Parsifal* by name. Upon this follows the great scene in which she first tells him about his Mother and then attacks him with ever increasing lustful ardour. The commencement of her narrative: "I saw the child"—thank goodness, this time not "the sucking child" †—begins in a natural and singable manner; it is one of the promising buds of melody not seldom found in Wagner, only to be too soon snapped off before they can blossom. From this point, the music is lost in greater and greater depths of sham pathos. Every moment we are afraid lest the composer should be stopped for want of breath. Any one who does not know his guiding-motives by heart stands confounded before the blustering fermentation of the orchestra, and, if he does know them, he is not much better off. It is rather hard upon us to be expected to go through all the motiveless and fearful changes of feeling in which *Parsifal* and Kundry are hurled through the whole of this long scene: from wearisome narratives into sensual ardour, and from sensual ardour into religious ecstasy, but always fleeing from what is musically beautiful and moderate. For such scenes of passionate expression have grown up in Wagner's music certain standing phrases which are now solidified almost into mannerisms. I know that sworn Wagnerites regard these standing phrases, these mannerisms, as natural utterances of the deepest feeling and will extol the scene between Kundry and *Parsifal* as the finest the composer has ever conceived. The question turns on

* Eh, Sagamore?—D. B.

† Many prefer Marian Brandt.—D. B.

‡ A "scenic effect" as old as our Grandmother's Edda.—D. B.

* We cannot agree with Dr Hanslick on this point, being persuaded that in the majority of instances the further off a Wagnerian orchestra the better for musically sensitive ears.—D. B.

† "Das zullende Kind."

the standpoint from which it is considered. To me the whole scene appears in the highest degree false, and the music outwardly glowing while inwardly cold—baked ice. We already begin to grow tired and absent amid the tumult of this fruitless passion when Parsifal's hand grasps the sacred Lance and we are saved by this palpable climax. Under the power of some wonderful earthquake music, the magic castle falls crashingly to the ground, and the curtain closes on the events in Klingsor's domain.

The third act commences with a sort of religious idyll, treated by Wagner with great love but with the utmost prolixity. We have a poetical and tranquilly agreeable picture, when Parsifal in snow-white, Christ-like garments, sits near the holy spring and praises the beauty of the "flowery mead," while Kundry washes his feet and the old man, Gurnemanz, anoints his flowing locks. The whole belongs to one of those scenes peculiar to Wagner, which fascinate as might a *picture* full of feeling. But we are able to contemplate a painted picture for a longer time than the most beautiful *tableau* without movement in drama, where the action should press forward to its culminating point. It seems as if the author could not have enough of the plastic repose distinguishing this scene of the third act. The music stretches out like a dreary waste in suggestive monotony. Parsifal's lyrical outburst about the beauty of the flowery mead takes us by surprise as a fragrant blossom; but even that soon withers in the arid soil of instrumental "endlessness."

At last, Parsifal, Gurnemanz, and Kundry start off for the Gralsburg. According to the directions in the book and the score, another moving scene, like that in the first act, should here magically transport the stationary travellers through all kinds of country to their destination. Technical doubts, however, severally expressed at the rehearsals, induced Wagner to abandon this effect, and so at the performance, instead of the moving panorama, we witness a mere occasional curtain close upon the three Graal pilgrims, as they are about to depart. This is certainly preferable to the original direction. The repetition of the same bit of scenic enchantment, reminding one of fairy pieces, pantomimes, &c., for children, struck me from the beginning as open to objection, being a confessed poverty of invention on the part of the author. A second and equally praiseworthy deviation from the directions in the text also occurs in the third act: the dead Titurel "newly endowed for the moment with life," had to raise himself in his coffin, but now remains a respectable corpse, quietly recumbent. The introductory funeral music is, I think, too much spread out. How much the story, after long lyrical contemplation, requires something energetically dramatic, we see by the great effect when Amfortas passionately springs up against the knights of the Graal who are pressing him hard. From the words: "My Father," we are moved by what he sings (on a very expressive figure, first for the violoncellos and then for the violins, in the accompaniment).

The final scene is another instance of the employment of extraordinarily brilliant resources—the same, by the way, which served for the Graal scene in the first act. The solemn sounds of the harp, the Boys' voices wafted from the dome, the Graal glowing into brightness, the appearance of the white dove—all work up together into a grand picture similar to the first finale.

The third act may be regarded as the most homogeneous and tone-giving, but it is not the richest musically.

And how about Wagner's creative power? For a man of Wagner's age and with—Wagner's system, it strikes me as being in *Parsifal* still wonderful. He who can create music with the fascinating melodic charm of the Flower Maidens and the energy of the *finale* has yet at command a power which the youngest among us might envy. True, so voluminous a work as *Parsifal* does not consist exclusively of coruscations of light. It would be "purely foolish" to assert that Wagner's fancy and in particular his specifically musical invention has preserved untouched the freshness and lightness of former days. It is impossible not to see in *Parsifal* a certain sterility and flatness side by side with increasing prolixity. Are not the irresistible Kundry's attempts at seduction almost stiff and cool compared with the similar scene in *Tannhäuser*? Then the prelude to *Parsifal*. Was it not dictated by the same frame of mind and with the same intention as the prelude to *Lohengrin*? It is the same tree, but first in full bloom and then stripped of its leaves and trembling in the autumn breeze. Let the reader further compare what Gurnemanz sings about "the magic of Good

Friday" (third act) with the description, nearly related to it melodically, of The Festival of John the Baptist in *Die Meistersinger*. Pogner's spirited song appears to have floated before Wagner's mind during the composition of "the magic of Good Friday"—but where was the inward strength, the vocal soul of the model? The most powerful numbers, too, in the *Nibelungen*, considered by themselves, would scarcely find in *Parsifal* their match, always excepting the thoroughly isolated chorus of the Flower-Girls. It is true that when we reflect that the brilliant pieces in the *Nibelungen Ring*—pieces separated from each other by absolute musical deserts—are distributed over four whole evenings, the needle of the balance will perhaps remain even between the two scales. Compared with the *Nibelungen*, *Parsifal* enjoys the advantage of a more effective book. Though perfectly indefensible as a "dramatic poem," *Parsifal* is a better operatic text than the four-membered *Nibelungen Ring*. In short, it is more musical, both as regards the subject as a whole and the decisive situations. If we regard *Parsifal* as a festival and magic opera, ignoring, as under all circumstances we must frequently do, its logical and psychological impossibilities and false religiously-philosophical pretensions, we shall find in it many instances of significant artistic suggestiveness, of the most dazzling effect, and many occasions for sincere admiration.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

(To be continued.)

—o—

A NIGHT-AND-DAY-MARE.

DEAR SIR DODINAS.—Something of this kind keeps on running slowly in my head:—



Please explain the phenomenon and thereby oblige yours most solicitously,

SAGRAMORE THE DESIROUS.

Take my counsel of last Saturday. The Mare will flee incontinent and vanish into space.

DODINAS.

Castle Savage.

MME CHRISTINE NILSSON will sing, next season, in New Orleans for the first time.

Forty thousand dollars are said to be already subscribed for the Patti Italian operatic season at the New York Academy of Music. —(Good!—Dr Bludge.)

DR HANS VON BÜLOW was married recently at Meiningen to Mdlle Schawzer, an actress at the Ducal Theatre. The lady will remain on the stage, her marriage notwithstanding.

The *Western Mail* of August 12th states that the announcement made in Friday's impression, that Mme Patti, with other distinguished artists, would give a morning concert at the Albert Hall on Thursday, the 14th of September, in aid of the Swansea Hospital, has been confirmed.

SINCE Gounod's *Faust* was produced in 1859 at the old Théâtre-Lyrique on the Boulevard du Temple, twenty-one different ladies have appeared successively as Marguerite in the French capital. They are Miolan-Carvalho, Vandeneuve-Duprez, Schroeder, Christine Nilsson, Hisson, Marie Roze, Berthe Thibault, Fidès Devriès, Arnaud, Derivis, Fouquet, Adelina Patti, Fursch-Madi, De Reszké, Daram, Heilbron, Marie Vachot, Baldi, Griswold, Krauss, and Nordica.

BLACKHEATH CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—The following examinations were held last month:—Free Scholarship for Singing, given by the hon. sec., W. Webster, junr.; examiner—Mr J. B. Welch; successful candidate—Miss Langley (pupil of Signor Garcia). Free Scholarship for Pianoforte: examiner—Mr Walter Macfarren; successful candidate—Miss Andrews (pupil of Mr C. Gardiner). Harmony Prize, given by the president, H. Hersee, Esq.; examiner—Dr Bridge; successful candidate—Miss Sadler (pupil of Mr J. T. Field.)

PROVINCIAL.

CARDIFF.—SIR.—As reported in your columns, the choral festival held at Carmarthen on the 8th inst. by the Choral Union of the Carmarthen Archdeaconry, was a grand success. Taking everything into account, it was decidedly the best yet held in this archdeaconry. But, while heartily rejoicing in this fact, I cannot help feeling that the success was due in a large measure to the noble effort and great sacrifice made by the country choirs to attend in the midst of the hay harvest. And perhaps I may be permitted to suggest to the committee that the festival in future be held about the end of May, July, August, and September find the farmers plenty to do, and if their convenience is to be studied they must not be called upon to leave their farms during those months. In May they have very little to do, and I do not see why the festival should not be held about the end of that month. The books ought to be ready about Christmas time, and the training to commence early in January. This is the best time of the year to secure good attendances at the practices, and May is certainly the most convenient time for all to attend the festival.—I am, &c., N. THOMAS, Vicar of Llanddarog, Aug. 11.

[The above letter was addressed to the *Western Mail*, and published in its columns on Saturday, Aug. 12.]

BUXTON.—At the "Special Concert" given in the Gardens on the evening of August 10th, the singers were Mdme Enriquez and Mr Henry Pyatt; the instrumentalists, M. Victor Buziau (violin), and Mdlle Nina Buziau (pianoforte). The orchestra played, among other things, the overture to *Der Freyschütz*, and *Fidelio*. The ripe and mellow contralto voice of Mdme Enriquez found ample room for display in "Voi che sapete," which she rendered with irreproachable taste. Later in the evening she gave Pinsuti's always popular "Heaven and Earth," being encored in which, she substituted "Robin Adair;" and, later still, a new song entitled, "Lord Mayor Whittington." This being also encored, brought forth "The Minstrel Boy." Mr Pyatt gave the "Two Grenadiers" and "The Village Blacksmith" (both encored). M. Buziau played with his accustomed skill a polonaise by Vieuxtemps, and variations on the "Carnival of Venice," and Mdlle Buziau selected Thalberg's "Home, sweet home" for her solo, winning merited applause. The concert was highly appreciated by a large audience.

EASTBOURNE.—A special Orchestral Saturday Concert was given on the 12th inst., the programme of which contained some compositions of interest finely executed by Mr Julian Adams' famous band, including Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*, Schubert's overture to *Rosamunda*, and a new "Song of Welcome," for voice, flute and piano, by Charles Salaman; sung for the first time by Miss Catherine Penna, and admirably accompanied by Mr Charles Lax the eminent flautist. Miss Penna, who is deservedly advancing in public estimation, was enthusiastically applauded—alike in Mr Salaman's new song, and Gounod's brilliant *Valse* from *Faust*. Mr Julian Adams conducted throughout.

TEIGNMOUTH.—An attractive concert was given here by Miss C. E. Linter on Tuesday, August 8th. One of the most striking features of the programme was the singing of Fraulein von Schwedler, this young lady has studied in both Paris and Rome under the best masters, and certainly her performance of the two songs set down for her, "Serenade" (Braga), and "Ave, Maria" (Luzzi); and her two "encores" "Frühlingslied" (Fesca), and "Qui la voce" (Puritan), proved her to be a really finished artist. Miss Ida Meynell (of the National Training School) also took part, her first song being "Deh vieni" (Mozart). Local talent was well represented by Mr Wills, Misses M. Parson and Berthon, the audience frequently shewing their appreciation in the shape of bouquets. The instrumental part was entirely "classical," and also much appreciated. Miss Linter played Beethoven's Sonata in C minor "Pathétique," Mr V. V. Williams, Handel's Sonata in D for the violin, and Miss Cleminshaw, Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor. The concert was opened by Misses Linter and Grant with an "arrangement" from *Tannhäuser* as a duet. The chorus-singing, under the direction of the Rev. H. C. Hylton, (Precentor of Chester Cathedral)—who also in Scuderi's "Dormi pur," especially proved himself the possessor of a well-cultivated voice of excellent quality—was throughout commendable.

MADRID.—The Italian-opera company next season at the Teatro Real will be thus constituted:—Sopranos—Elena Theodorini, Fursch-Madi, Marcella Sembrich (two months), Matilde Rodriguez, A. Gini, Carlotta Leria; Mezzo-soprano-contraltos—Tremelli, Adèle Borghi; Tenors—Angelo Masini, Lestellier, Giannini, Antonio Bianchini; Baritones—Pandolfini, Dufriche; Basses—Nannetti, Bopp, Gaetano Roveri; Comic Bass—Aristide Fiorini; Conductor—Giovanni Goula.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The Prince of Wales has, through the honorary secretary of the Royal College of Music, sent a circular to the beneficed clergy of England and Wales, in which he says:—

"His Royal Highness is fully aware of the large demands on clergymen which often make it impossible for them to give pecuniary aid even in the best cause. On the other hand, they have peculiar opportunities for bringing subjects requiring such support before their parishioners, and, by forming committees, can obtain small subscriptions from those who, though not wealthy, are willing to assist a worthy object. The Prince of Wales desires me, therefore, to ask your aid by bringing the subject of the Royal College of Music under the notice of your parishioners and acquaintances, and by inviting them to contribute to it. I am also to express the hope that you will be able to form a committee in the parish with the view of collecting smaller contributions towards this national object. Music increases the sum of harmless and elevating pleasures, binds families together, alleviates the sorrows and quickens the joys of life, and not only enlivens the social meetings, but is the best accompaniment to the worship of Almighty God. All this the Royal College of Music will assist. The foundation scholarships of the college may, it is hoped, often be the means of evoking talent in quarters where otherwise it would have lain dormant. On these grounds, his Royal Highness commends the college to your early and best attention, and I shall be glad to hear for his information whether, and if so in which way, it will be in your power to assist the object in view."

Meetings in support of the college have been held in various towns of Devonshire; Mr Grove, at the desire of H.R.H., attending on each occasion to explain and comment on the object and character of the proposed institution.

[It might, perhaps, have been as well (certainly it would have been only fair), at the meeting held lately in Exeter, to make public and discuss the letter addressed to the authorities by Professor Macfarren, who so worthily fills the musical chair at Cambridge University, and is, moreover, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.—D. B.]

SONG.*

(From the Operetta, "A Story of Seville.")

How fondly as the years fleet by Mem'ry recalls the time When life held not a sigh or tear, And love was in its prime.	When each high impulse of our heart Nor doubt or danger knew, But in the fray bore well its part— To faith and honour true.
---	--

Oh! could we keep our hearts still young Time's course we might defy; The roselight o'er our lives be flung Of love's eternity.
--

* Copyright.

CARLEON.

PROFESSOR MACFARREN is taking some well-earned repose at Woodnesboro', near Sandwich.

SIG. SCHIRA is still at Milan, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* under the bright skies of his native land.

MAD. MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY, the opal-amethyst-emerald-pearl-and-diamond (crowned Empress, in short) of French pianists (pace M. Planté), has been created by the *Ministre des Beaux Arts* "Officier de L'Academie"—a distinction very rarely awarded to artists of her sex. She was first named. *Salut bel' Officier!* Mad. Rémaury is engaged to play at the Baden-Baden Festival early in September, and then visits other German towns, at every one of which she may count upon a hearty welcome. Such purely "classical" talent as hers, is, just now, by no means superabundant.

MONTE CARLO.—The promised operas for the approaching season are: *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with Marie Vanzandt, Heilbron, and Dufriche; *Dinorah*, with Vanzandt and Maurel; *Faust*, with Vanzandt, Talazac, Maurel, and Dufriche; *La Traviata*, with Heilbron, Talazac, and Maurel; *La Figlia del Reggimento*, with Heilbron; the *Domino Noir* and *Les Dragons de Villars*.

MILAN.—According to the *Pungolo*, the ballets next season at the Scala will be Dances' *Arduino d'Irea* and *Excelsior*. The idea of giving *Hamlet* or *La Juive* has been abandoned. *Tannhäuser*, it is said, will be performed if Gayarre agrees to play the leading part. There is, also, some talk of Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*, and of *Dejanice*, a new opera by Catalani.

[Aug. 19, 1882.]

Parsifal, the King, &c.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir.—His Majesty of Bavaria is still alive, and yet has not enjoyed the foreshadowed private and peculiar audition of the latest offspring of Wagner's genius. How is this? All that surrounds *Parsifal* assumes a mystical aspect. All is more or less Kundryfied. I heard the first performance, was utterly bewildered, and left by post-chaise for Bamberg the same night. I dreamt I had attended two solemn services of the Roman Catholic Church, with an Alhambra ballet of the most *dechirée* and *décolleté* separating one from another. But I was suddenly awakened by the shrieking, tumble-down-the-ladder "Kundrymotiv":—



This at once dispersed my dream, and "took me from my error." Thenceforward sleep eschewed me. I could not close my eyes, or even get forty winks with my eyes wide open. Such was my hope-for repose at Bamberg. So I went next day to Wurzburg and had the same dream, the same *lever de sursaut*, due to the same "Kundrymotiv." "Kundry, my she-devil"—said I, inwardly—"were I a man you should have none of me." Next day I went to the Hotel de Russie, Frankfort, where I was well treated by the incomparable Drexels, pearls of landlords. There I had a pleasant dream—a dream of Kundry-Orgeluse in the fairy gardens of Klingsor. Thought I to myself—were I a man I should say "Booby, Parsifal." Thereupon I woke and found myself still at that dreary Bayreuth, with the sun just peeping into my chamber. It had been all a dream—Bamberg, Wurzburg, Frankfort and all!

Parsifal goes on, and I am going off. I have seen three *Parsifals* and three Kundrys (Marian Brandt by far the subtlest). I don't want any more. I don't want any more of such an out-of-the-way drama, or any more such go-a-tail music. *Parsifal* is not by any means a financial success, say what they will. The house is but rarely crowded now. In another sense—except by some enthusiasts, who think that Wagner cannot step backward if he would, or his invention wane, however years may creep upon him—*Parsifal* is not considered equal to preceding works by that master. I am of the same opinion. By the way, there is some dispute between Wagner and his patrons, about which, not knowing the particulars, I can tell you nothing that would make you wiser than you are already.

Please when I send you another telegram (which is unlikely) don't garble it by leaving out whole sentences that explain the context and are necessary to the sense of my observations. But where is the King of Bavaria?

YOUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT AT BAYREUTH.

[Our fair correspondent accuses us of a fault that is virtually her own. She must have forgotten or mislaid several slips of her telegram, the loss of which we were compelled to supply by asterisks. *Voilà tout*. Meanwhile, from wherever she pleases to address us her communications will always be welcome.—D. B.]

LEIPZIG.—The Stadththeater opened on the 1st inst., under its new manager, Stägemann, with Lessing's *Mima von Barnhelm*, preceded by a Prologue by Wilhelm Henzen, for which Richard Kleinmichel had written appropriate music. The Prologue was followed by Beethoven's overture, *Zur Weile des Hauses*, under the direction of Nikisch.

BAYREUTH.—The *Parsifal* performances are said to be still numerously attended, despite the wretched weather. The first success is confirmed; the more the work is heard and the more familiar the public become with it, the more do they learn to appreciate it. The day before yesterday, Fischer, of Munich, conducted for the first time. The singers on this occasion were Gudehus (*Parsifal*), Malten (*Kundry*), and Siehr (*Gurnemanz*). On the Friday following, Jäger, as *Parsifal*, created a favourable impression especially by his acting. The character, however, would be very different, were Albert Niemann to undertake it.—*Berliner Freidenkblatt*, Aug. 8th.

* Manfredo Maggioni.—D. B.

† Why then was this veteran Wagnerite, Tannhäuser of Tannhäuser, Lohengrin of Lohengrins, Tristan of Tristans, Siegmund of Siegmunds, not present to declare himself also *Parsifal* of *Parsifals*?—D. B.

UNSOLICITED FAVOUR.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I beg you to allow me to protest, through the columns of your journal, against the imposition practised by Chinese and Japanese publishers, in voluntarily sending musical newspapers without paying postage? This day my servant paid elevenpence for the postal delivery of some undesired periodical transmitted from the far Pacific. I withhold the name, as I have no wish to supply a gratuitous advertisement of the work in your columns, apologizing for troubling you, I am, Sir,

A CONSTANT READER.

Pimlico, August 14.

I am also troubled with such complimentary sheets. My way, however, is to tell the postman—who knows me—to call again. After perusing their contents I return them regummed, with the intimation, "Not for me." My last were from Sumatra, Formosa, the Corea and North Borneo.—D. B.

FROM AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As I know you like to know where your wandering sheep are straying, I just send you a few lines. Aix, I am told, is the best place to get rid of one's pains—not that I am troubled with any (thank goodness). I fear I have nothing very interesting to communicate in the musical way, for since hearing Wagner's operas in London nothing astonishes me, not even A sharp against B flat, which are supposed to be the same by some folks, but are not. The Operahouse is not open. Burnart's Theatre is for opera-bouffe—*Boccaccio*, *Der Lustige Krieg*, *Madame Favart*, &c., &c. There are plenty of bands in the various gardens, and some "classical" music at the Kurhaus. The weather is very cold and wet, and people are going about with thick overcoats; I would do the same, but I brought only light clothing with me, for I have always found it very hot in Germany at this time of year. I expect to leave here early in the next week; for what place I am not decided—perhaps to Frankfort.* I hope to take Paris or Brussels on my way back. In any case, if anything is going on at either place worth your notice, you shall hear from me.

H. G.

August 9, 1882.

MUSIC &c. DRAWING OF CORKS.

In a communication published by the *Brighton Guardian*, *apropos* to the Covent Garden Concerts, our frequent and valued contributor, "Phosphor," says:—

"Now that the Floral Hall has been converted into a smoking lounge and promenade, there can be no excuse for noise in the theatre, and it behoves the conductor to do all in his power to enforce silence. In no country in Europe is so little attention paid to these matters, and if the officials and musical director allow loud talk to continue unchecked, the public will at last come to regard Messrs Jones and Barber's refreshments as the main consideration, enlivened by a little music as at ordinary dining saloons. I have had an opportunity of seeing more than one strict conductor, and can remember a memorable occasion when M. Jullien stopped the orchestra in the middle of a slow movement because there was unseemly talking in a private box. I have seen Mr Alfred Mellon and Mr Weist Hill do the same thing, rewarded by loudly expressed approval from the general audience. As I have said, let talkers and bottle openers go to the Floral Hall, for I can assert that, abroad, even the open air concerts are conducted with more propriety than those instituted in this country for the advancement of "classical" art in a theatre or music hall. Let every waiter be made to understand that it is as much as his place is worth to open a bottle *noisily* during the performance of a piece of music; between the pieces he can do what he likes. Inattention begets inattention, and frivolous chatter in the few encourages it in the many. I know that the answer to all this has been given by Dr Johnson, *'For we that live to please must please to live.'* But if a director of concerts considers that the encouragement of noise increases his receipts he is mistaken. The frivolous element is, at all times, too conspicuous, but it should not be allowed to intrude itself to the destruction of rational amusement, and music has now taken so firm a hold in England that its culture can only be advanced by making it respected by all those who enter its concert rooms."

Phosphor has more than once broached this argument on the spit of his intelligence; but he handles it with such extreme delicacy that he may broach again whenever he is in the "humour of it."

D. B.

* Hotel de Russie, of course?—D. B.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 478.)

But, if not called on at the outset to fulfil his obligation as regards the composition of French operas, Cherubini was not so situated with respect to the Italian scores produced at the Théâtre de Monsieur. We know that the Italian public was never as exacting as ours about the structure and conduct of operablibrettos; they care little for the book which for them serves as a simple pretext for the music, while among us great and just importance is set upon the dramatic subject and the manner in which it is developed. These considerations did not escape the notice of the managers of the Théâtre de Monsieur, who, when they presented Italian works to their audiences, had those works, for the above reason, considerably altered. The modifications effected in the book naturally involved others in the music, and it was for this, as the composers were not present, that Cherubini was specially engaged to remodel, when requisite, the scores.* In this respect it may be said that his place was no sinecure, because, independently of the careful vigilance he devoted to the artists' study, and of the attentive way in which he superintended the rehearsals,† he wrote, in the space of three years and a half, no less than forty-three dramatic pieces or fragments. These detached compositions, which cannot have failed to be attended by certain peculiar difficulties, from the fact of their requiring great suppleness on his part, as it was necessary for him in some degree to adopt the tone of each composer and approximate to his individual style, gained him great applause and at once rendered him popular.

"M. Cherubini," said a contemporary, "already so celebrated at an age when others do not yet even think of becoming so, has remodelled several pieces of music in most of the Italian operas we have just mentioned. To the music of Paisiello, Sarti, and Cimarosa, he adds pieces which revive the vigour of those great masters, and the first composers of Italy pay homage to a genius whose superiority they acknowledge. In *L'Italiana in Londra* he has written several numbers such as, by the confession of every one, have never before been heard on any stage in Europe. Fears are entertained lest any excess of work and the fire of genius should prove injurious to his health, which is already delicate."‡

In his Memorandum-Book, Cherubini has drawn up in the most precise manner a special list of the pieces thus composed by him for the Bouffons. This list is more complete than that to be derived from the Catalogue of his works, exactly published by Bottée de Toulmon, but in which some are wanting; I think therefore, it will not be uninteresting to reproduce it here, absolutely as the master wrote it:

Catalogue of the airs and concerted pieces of my composition which I have added to different buffo operas performed at the Théâtre Feydeau from the month of November, 1789, to the month of October, 1792, when the Bouffons left Paris:—*La Molinarella* (Paisiello). Two airs for Mdme Raffanelli; two airs for M. Mandini; an air for M. Viganoni; an air for Mdme Mandini; an air for M. Scalzi; and the final chorus.—*Il Fanatico burlato* (Cimarosa). An air for Mdme Galli.—*La Pastorella nobile* (Guglielmi). An air for Mdme Mandini.—*La Grotta di Trofonio* (Salieri). A duet; an air for Mlle Balletti.—*Le Gelsos villaane* (Sarti). The allegro of an air for Mlle Balletti.—*Le Due Gemelle* (Guglielmi). An air for M. Viganoni; an air for Mdme Barchielli.—*La Frascatana* (Paisiello). An air for M. Mengozzi; an air for Mlle Nebel.—*I Viaggiatori Felici* (by different authors).—A quartet; an air for M. Viganoni; the end of the last finale; the allegro of an air for Mdme Morichelli.—*L'Italiana in Londra* (Cimarosa). An air for Mdme Mandini; three airs for M. Viganoni; a trio; an obbligato recitative.—*La bella Pescatrice* (Guglielmi). The allegro of an air for Mlle Balletti.—*Il Tamburo notturno* (Paisiello). An air for Mdme Mandini; an air for M. Mandini.—*Il Burbero di buon cuore* (Martini). An air for M. Scalzi.—*Le Vendemmie* (Gazzaniga). The end of a sextet.—*Il finto Cieco* (Gazzaniga). The end of a duet.—*Don Giovanni* (Gaz-

zaniga). A quartet.—*La Cosa rara* (Martini). An obbligato recitative and air for M. Simoni.—*La Locandiera* (Salieri). A duet; a trio; four airs for M. Viganoni.—*Giannina e Bernadone* (Cimarosa). An air for Mdme Morichelli.*

Cherubini did not, therefore, waste his time at the Théâtre de Monsieur. He found means to distinguish himself and gain applause there, and, by the successes which he shared with the masters of the Grand Italian School whose collaborator he became, led up to those that he was soon to achieve alone, when, transforming his talent, he applied it to works written in the French language. We must here emphasize the breadth and suppleness of his artistic aims and the rectitude of his judgment at the same time as the flexibility he could, when circumstances required it, impart to his style and inspiration. Purely Italian with Italians, he saw that, directly he resolved to write again for the French stage, he must adopt once more the ideas which served to guide him in his first attempt with *Démophon* and follow principles which, if they did not make him seek a system of esthetics absolutely new as regards the lyric drama, caused him at any rate to establish a close, logical, and intimate connection between the dramatic subject and the character of the music intended to support it. We find no small matter for astonishment in this remarkable work of the intellect, in this double object on the part of a young artist, who, following in the same order of production two distinct currents, exerts himself to manifest his individuality in two different manners and succeeds in bending his genius to the exigencies of both. Raoul Rochette has characterised very clearly the effect of this intellectual process on Cherubini.

..... The Bouffons, as people then termed them, were installed in a kind of hole called the Théâtre de la Foire Saint-Germain, and also gave some performances at the Court Theatre in the Tuilleries.† It was there that, aided by such accomplished singers as Viganoni, Mandini, and Mdme Morichelli, as well as by that excellent actor, Raffanelli, and thanks to the care bestowed on everything connected with the chorus and the accompaniment, M. Cherubini rendered France familiar with the best operas of Afossi, Paisiello, Guglielmi, and Cimarosa, adding in most instances pieces of his own composition, which, bearing the stamp of superior talent, excited general admiration. People still recollect in Paris the enthusiasm excited by the delicious quartet, 'Cara, da voi dipende,' inserted in the *Viaggiatori Felici*; by another quartet, equally meritorious but of a different character, interpolated in Gazzaniga's *Don Juan*; and by the charming trio, 'Son tre, sei, nove,' added to Cimarosa's *Italiana in Londra*. Thus, at the same time that he was working on a grand French opera, *Marguerite d'Anjou*, in the new style he wanted to introduce on our stage, M. Cherubini proved himself a worthy rival of the masters of the Italian theatre on their ground; he contended with Cimarosa, Paisiello, and Guglielmi, in the special style of each, and, while exhibiting the melodic wealth and vocal abundance which characterized their school, and which in him were combined with a purity of superior style, he was distinguished from them by a larger employment of harmonic resources and instrumental effects, which announced a thorough musical revolution. In all the history of the art, there is not, perhaps, another example of a composer's writing, at one and the same time, in two different manners and passing with equal success from one theatre to another, an Italian at the Foire Saint-Germain and a Frenchman at the Tuilleries, an emulator of Cimarosa in a corner of Paris and the creator of French opera at the Feydeau.‡

For the space of two years and a half Cherubini went on familiarizing himself with the French public and rendering his name very advantageously known by pieces which he wrote for Italian operas, and which, always received with the greatest favour,

* This last work was not performed.

† This is an error, for these two houses figured as the Théâtre de Monsieur only successively, and not simultaneously.

‡ Notice historique sur la vie et les ouvrages de M. Cherubini, by Raoul Rochette, Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Fine Arts.—The last phrase, evidently written with the object of giving a little movement and picturesqueness to the narrative, repeats the error contained in the opening lines. The fact is that, at this period, Cherubini worked exclusively for the Théâtre de Monsieur, which he followed to the three houses where it was in turn located. Having said thus much, I must remark that Raoul Rochette, who was not, to my knowledge, a musician, must have been assisted by the opinion of some competent person, characterizing as he does the double tendencies of Cherubini at this moment of his career. I am very much mistaken if Halévy was completely a stranger to this interesting passage in Raoul Rochette's notice.

* An Italian poet named Andrei was specially attached to the Théâtre de Monsieur with a view to make these alterations in the librettos just as Cherubini was engaged to touch up and complete the scores.

† "M. Cherubini himself superintended the getting up of the works, and it is as much to his advice and wise severity as to the talent of the virtuosos that we owe the perfect execution distinguishing this incomparable company, of whom only an imperfect idea has been given by aught afterwards." (Choron and Fayolle: *Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens*. Paris, 1810.)

‡ Almanach général des Spectacles, 1791.

were sometimes, as we have seen, greeted with absolute enthusiasm. We will now judge of the effect of his first steps on the French style at the Théâtre de Monsieur, where he had previously written only in the Italian style.

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

LORD BEACONSFIELD ON INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

"I have a passion for instrumental music. A grand orchestra fills my mind with ideas; I forget everything in the stream of invention. The effect of music upon the faculty of invention is a subject on which I have long curiously observed and deeply meditated. It is a finer prelude to creation than to execution. It is well to meditate upon a subject under the influence of music, but to execute we should be alone, and supported only by our essential and internal strength. Were I writing, music would produce the same effect upon me as wine. I should for a moment feel an unnatural energy and fire, but, in a few minutes, I should discover that I shadowed forth only phantoms; my power of expression would die away, and my pen would fall upon the insipid and lifeless page. The greatest advantage that a writer can derive from music is, that it teaches most exquisitely the art of development. It is in remarking the varying recurrence of a great composer to the same theme that a poet may learn how to dwell upon the phases of a passion, how to exhibit a mood of mind under all its alternations, and gradually to pour forth the full tide of feeling.—(*Contarini Fleming*, Part 3rd, Chap. 8th. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. 1831-2.)

—o—

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—In Pencerdd Gwffyn's admirable article on "Park Music," in the *Musical World* of August 12th, the following occurs:—"They (the leaders of the society) are at this moment busily engaged in working out plans for the better education of music professors, whose occupation will be teaching the upper and middle classes." Is this to be understood as irony?* If not, may I be informed since when is it that the "upper and middle classes" have exhausted the stock of teaching supplied by the present race of music professors!—Yours faithfully,

ENQUIRER.

[* It has been a stringent rule of long standing with the *Musical World* that no writer can be engaged as a member of its staff unless, among other endowments, he possesses that of irony. The purely satirical gift is not indispensable.—D. B.]

BAVENO (Lago Maggiore).—A correspondent from Milan writes:—"Being at Milan I took a short trip to Baveno, and there I found at the hotel a goodly company, including Mr and Mrs Maas, Mr Ball (brother to Mrs Maas), Mr Santley, with his son Michael, and, last not least, Mr Charles Lyall. I was just in time for a *matinée musicale* at the Villa Clara (Henfrey's)—where Queen Victoria was residing when the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany paid Her Majesty a visit). The performers were Santley, Maas, and Lyall, Mrs Lyall holding, with great ability, the position of accompanist and solo player on the pianoforte. This display of exclusively English talent appeared somewhat to astonish the natives; the artists were applauded without stint. The *matinée* was a great success, and I was well repaid for my trip. I only wish the Commendatore Francesco Schira had been with me, instead of summing himself in the day and mooning himself in the night, day after day and night after night, at the café near the Cathedral, or the hotel of the Anchor. By the way, the Lago Maggiore resounds with the preparations for the approaching Birmingham Festival.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The forthcoming festival promises to be of more than ordinary interest. The committee have wisely determined to revive the oratorio *Abraham*, by Bernard Molique, which, when produced at Birmingham some twenty years ago, was received with great favour, both on account of the brightness of its melodies and the cleverness of its orchestration. They have also done well in according a place in the programme to Dr Garrett's sacred cantata, *The Shunamite*. The effective representation of all the music is secured by the engagement of a fine band, led by Mr Carrodus; by a chorus the nucleus of which is formed by the choir from Bradford; and by a staff of vocalists comprising Mesdames Albani and Patey, Misses Anna Williams and Hilda Wilson, Messrs Boyle, F. King, and Santley.—*Times*, August 18th.

WAIFS.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred on Mdme Pauline Lucca the Gold Cross for Merit with the Crown, and Baron von Hofmann, Intendant-General, himself presented it to her.

BALFE'S POSTHUMOUS SACRED WORK.—The movements from a sacred composition left unfinished by Michael William Balfe, which are to be performed at Westminster Abbey on the 20th October, when the tablet erected to his memory is uncovered, comprises a "Gratias agimus," in the key of B flat; a "Sanctus," in the minor of the same key; and an "Agnus Dei," in F major. Having had an opportunity of perusing the score of each, we can testify to the genuine merits of these excerpts left us by our popular countryman, and only regret that a work promising so well should not have been completed. They have been adapted and edited by Mr W. A. Barret, who in the cause of Balfe is indefatigable.—*Graphic*.

Joachim has been appointed *Capellmeister* of the Royal Academy of Arts, Berlin.

Emma Thursby and her director, Maurice Strakosch, have returned from Mont Dore, Puy-de-Dôme. The charming young American lady, "la Patti des concerts," as she is frequently styled, will, on no consideration, go on the stage.

LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.—Mr Hugh Brooksbank, Mus. B., Oxon., has been appointed by the Dean and Chapter of Llandaff organist and choirmaster of the Cathedral, in succession to Mr C. L. Williams, now organist of Gloucester Cathedral. Mr Brooksbank was trained under Sir George Elvey at St George's Chapel, Windsor, and was afterwards assistant to Dr Kecton, organist of Peterborough Cathedral. He is now organist and choirmaster at St Alban's, Birmingham, and has been chosen by the authorities of Llandaff Cathedral out of about a hundred candidates.

Mad. Théo embarked on the 12th inst. for America.

Mrs F. B. Jewson and family are at St Leonard's-on-Sea.

How to serve a dinner.—Eat it.—(O Jupiter!—Dr Blüge.)

Mad. Galli-Marié is taking a holiday at Bourbone-les-Bains.

Gialdino Gialdini is writing an opera entitled *Le Metamorfosi*.

The Teatro Nicolini, Florence, will be opened in October for opera.

A new theatre, the Arena Garibaldi, has been erected in Parma.

Carlo Gomez is writing the music of a new opera, *Leona*, book by Paravicini.

The project of having German opera in Warsaw has been abandoned.

Terese Singer is said to be engaged for the approaching season at the Scala, Milan.

Mr F. B. Jewson has gone to pass the vacation at his favourite resort, Ramsgate.

The Theatre Royal, Dresden, reopened on the 30th ult. with Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*.

The proprietors of the Liceo, Barcelona, have voted, by a large majority, the closing of that theatre.

Twenty musical bands took part in the civic procession got up at Buenos-Ayres in honour of Garibaldi.

Mierwinsky, the tenor, is engaged for America, for the consideration, it is said, of 4,000 dollars a month.

Anton Rubinstein will direct the concerts of the Imperial Russian Society of Music this year at St Petersburg.

Luigi Ravelli, the tenor, returned from America, is staying at Consdorff, in the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg.

Carl Davidoff, the well-known Russian violoncellist, is projecting an extended autumn concert-tour in Germany and Austria.

A new comic-romantic opera, *Manon*, by Richard Kleinmichel, is to be produced in Hamburg at the beginning of next year.

The Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, will re-open with *Robert le Diable*, to be followed at no very distant date by *Jean de Nivelle*.

The Emperor of Germany has conferred the Order of the Crown (third class) on Herr Chronegk, of the Ducal Theatre, Meiningen.

M. Nicot, the "tenorino," and his wife, née Bilbaut-Vauchelet, have returned from Switzerland, where they spent the month of July.

A bust of Lassalle, in *Guillaume Tell*, will shortly be placed in the Museum of the Grand Opera, Paris. The sculptor is M. Le Quesne.

The "Patrons" and "Patronesses" of the Bayreuth performances number 1,368, among them being thirty-one Englishmen and seven Italians. (Total of these contingencies, thirty-eight. Add one Scotchman—thirty-nine.—Dr Blüge.)

Lanardini is translating the book of Wagner's *Parsifal* into Italian. (Arrigo Boito should have been entrusted with the task.—*Dr Blinge.*)

Theodor Wachtel begins on the 16th a long engagement at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin. (With the *Postillon de Longjumeau?*—*Dr Blinge.*)

Mrs Langtry will appear on the 30th October at the Park Theatre, New York, and on the 4th December at the Globe Theatre, Boston, U.S.

The Musical Congress which was to have been held this summer in Bologna has been postponed till 1884, when the centenary of Father Martini will be celebrated.

The Teatro Santa Radegonda, Milan, has been purchased by the Electric Light Company, who will turn it into workshops for the generation and distribution of electricity.—*Graphic.*

Franz Abt, who has been ill, intends ere long going to Paris. After a short stay there, he will return to Brunswick, and late in the autumn, take up his permanent abode at Wiesbaden.

The Prefect of the Seine has, in the name of the Municipal Council, presented M. Jules Cohen with a large gold medal, in recognition of the manner in which he organized and directed the musical festival at the Paris Hôtel de Ville on the 13th ult.

Marcella Sembrich is at Anextein, near the Lake of Lucerne, studying Ophelia, Mignon, and Francesca de Rimini. She will next month visit Paris, for the purpose of profiting by M. Ambroise Thomas's suggestions as to her rendering of the three characters.

CARDIGAN.—The triennial musical festival, under the auspices of the Cardigan Archdeaconry Church Choral Union, was held at St Mary's Church on Wednesday, August 9th, and proved a decided success, the proficiency of the singing being considered fully equal to the days when the same choirs were "batoned" by "Eos Llechyd." On this occasion the conductorship was entrusted to the Rev Henry Jones, rector of Manordeifi, the last time (owing to advance of age) he was likely to undertake that responsible task. The choirs (over 450 voices) comprised those of St Mary's (Cardigan), St Dogmael's, Cilgerran, Llandugwydd, Llangoodmore, Moylgrove, Newquay, Aberporth, Blaenporth, Tremain, Eglwyswrw, Newport, Nevern, Manordeifi, Llechyd, Capel Colman, Mount, Ferwig, Llanfihangel-Pembedw, Whitechurch, &c. Some thirty clergymen were present.—*Western Mail, Aug. 12.*

THE NEW LAW ON MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS.—The Act to amend the law of copyright relating to musical compositions, and to protect the public from vexatious proceedings for the recovery of penalties for the unauthorised performance of the same, has just been issued. On and after the passing of the Act the proprietor of the copyright in any musical composition, or his assignee, who shall be entitled and desirous to retain in his own hands exclusively the right of public representation or performance of the same, shall print or cause to be printed upon the title-page of every published copy of such musical composition a notice to the effect that the right of public representation or performance is reserved. There is a provision, when the right of performance and when the copyright are vested in different owners, but a penalty of £20 to be recovered from the owner of the copyright for non-compliance with notice from the owner of the right of performance. By a special provision as to costs, where not more than 40s. are recovered, the same is to vest in the discretion of the Court.

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1864. Tradition says that the old melody of 'The Beggar Boy' was once sung in the days when she was a poor child by the distinguished artist now known as Mdme Christine Nilsson. Included in the Danish songs is the traditional 'Dannebrog,' the music of which is attributed to one 'Bay.' It would be interesting to inquire the foundation for this statement, as the origin of the Danish National Anthem was generally understood to be unknown. The tradition of the 'Dannebrog Banner,' which, in 1719, fell down from heaven to bring victory to the Danish arms, is duly recorded in a footnote. Most of the Dutch songs given date back to the sixteenth century; and there are besides three songs by W. F. G. Nicolai, and one Flemish song. Altogether eighty-three of the national songs of northern Europe are included in this valuable and interesting book. In future editions a larger preface or more footnotes, giving further particulars of the old songs whose history is known, would be welcome. Equally interesting are the songs of Eastern Europe, recently issued by Messrs Boosey, and likewise edited by Mr and Miss Kappey. Among the thirty-four Austrian songs, the large majority are *volkslieder*, and they include Tyrolean, Styrian, and Polish songs, two of them by Chopin. These are followed by twenty-three characteristic specimens of Hungarian songs, giving a very fair idea of the peculiarities of Hungarian music, and comprising modern songs by Liszt, and some traditional songs of Bosnia, Moravia, and Dalmatia. The first of the Bohemian songs is the 'War-song of the Hussites,' once, it is believed, the national song of the country. A few specimens of Servian, Swiss, Greek, and even Turkish melodies. The last are very peculiar; and the peculiar intervals common to this and other Eastern music are claimed by some to have been handed down direct from the music of the ancient Hebrews."—*Figaro*.

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